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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, JUNE 9, 1904. NUMBER 15

FLOWER MESSENGERS.

God with wisdom made a world,
With his strength the sky unfurled,
Made the stars in heaven with power,
But with love he made a flower;—

Like a kiss upon the brow
Of his world, completed now
For the children, to be born
On some later, gladder morn.

So, to pass his message on,
God's own flowers for benison
Pluck we from their chosen place,
Woodland home or garden's grace.

Be the message what it may,
Love's first dream or end of day,
At the bridal or the tomb,
Flowers can speak when hearts are dumb.

Messengers of love are they,
All our tenderest words to say;
All a burdened heart would tell,
Trust a flower to say it well.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

All Souls Church, Chicago, Flower Sunday, June 5, 1904.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1904. NUMBER 15

The crane, with outstretched wing that heads the file,
Pauses not, feels no backward impulses;
Behind it summer was, and is no more;
Before it lies the summer it will reach
Or fall in the mid-ocean.. You no less
Must feel the force sublime of growing life.
New thoughts are urgent as the growth of wings;
The widening vision is imperious.

—George Eliot.

The June number of the *Liberal Review* lies before us, with an eight-line stanza credited to "Selected," the first four lines of which belong to Emerson. The last four lines are apparent improvisations by a weaker hand. We can forgive our neighbor for neglecting to give Emerson his due, but are scarcely reconciled to the debilitating association. Let the strong lines stand in their strength, and let the new would-be poet not seek to shelter himself under the shadow of a great rock.

"Altamont Heights Tenting Company, 6636 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri," is the address of a company that undertakes to furnish tenting privileges to those attending the World's Fair at St. Louis. The advertising is promising; the idea is attractive; a possible combination of a study and an outing at this great world exhibit. We cannot say more; neither can we say less, interested as we are in the exhibit and the possible spectators who may be readers of UNITY. The scheme has special reference to church and school constituencies who may go in companies.

June is getting to be more and more the month for denominational rallies. The journals and the platforms are warm, sometimes torrid, with appeals for denominational loyalties and sectarian fidelities. It is sad to think how much of interdenominational comity and centralizing sympathies are checked, if not rudely rebuked, by the June call of the denominational guardians. It is not so incumbent upon a minister to be loyal to the fellowship of a sect widely scattered as it is for him to be loyal to the fellowship of his brother minters who are closely compacted with him in the community which is their mutual field, and for which they might and ought to work together. There is not a Protestant denomination today whose peculiar contentions represent a fundamental want of the community, while the common contentions of all of them represent the direst needs of the community.

The perversity of a figure of speech is seldom commented upon; the damage done by a parable is a matter too seldom noted by the preacher. Not all parables are gospel instruments. We can scarcely conceive of more false inferences and perverse logic being packed into the same number of words than in this ingenious clipping which we take from the columns of the *Congregationalist.* It is clever, but it is the cleverness of bigotry. If men were fish and the denominations were baskets, and if the world outside the denominations, the common ground of humanity and the common sympathies of morality and love were a sandy beach, then the parable might mean something valuable. But there are too many "ifs" to give sanity or sanctity to the witless wit:

> "Apart from B. Fay Mills' doctrinal divergencies, his career as a free-lance evangelist invites questions. Thus Dr. I. M. Atwood, the Universalist bishop at large, says: 'He has no basket for his fish. If he hooks some he must either toss them back into the stream or leave them to flop aimlessly on the sand until their energy is gone.'"

The *Liberal Review* seems almost reconciled to the "Pike" at the St. Louis Fair. Surely, is it not a pity that the splendid cosmopolitanism represented by the "Pike" should be allied to the baser rather than the finer qualities of nations? The races of the world are curious enough when taken at their best. One nation is mirth-provoking to another when it exhibits its virtues. Why should vices and vulgarities be exhibited and exaggerated? We do not object to the following bill of fare offered by our exchange, but we wish that a spiritual menu were as available:

> "No man who has the 'price' need not go hungry, for on the 'Pike' alone he may eat their foods in the fashion of sixteen countries. He may eat in different ages as well as countries, for the cliff dwellers, as well as old St. Louis, will not be without their typical eating places. As one strolls down the "Pike" he can breakfast with the Burmese, drink tea in Ceylon, lunch in India, eat potatoes in Ireland, ply chop-sticks in China, drink cloissone in Japan, enjoy seaweed salad in Hawaii, order lunches in Cairo or Constantinople, spend an hour in a Parisian café, take 'twenty minutes for dinner" on the Siberian railroad, and eat choice dishes of Spain in gay Seville."

A writer in a recent number of *Y Drych,* the weekly organ of the Welsh people in America, published in Utica, N. Y., takes intelligent note of the movement toward unity on the part of the Trinitarian and Unitarian branches of Congregationalism. In evidence of such a movement, he says: "The facts that Professor Paine's book on 'The Evolution of Trinitarianism' went unchallenged, although the author was at that time a member of the faculty of the Bangor Theological School in Maine, and that Professor Gilbert, when accused of promulgating Unitarian ideas in the classroom of the Union Park Theological Seminary in Chicago, was rewarded by a year's leave of absence with brotherly admonitions, go to prove this." He quotes from an editorial in the *Congregationalist,* which says: "Congregational ministers are under no obligation to accept any formal creed." All this seems to this Welsh

private school; for whatever they may lack in detail or writer very deplorable, and he congratulates the *Cambro-American* on the fact that the Welsh Congregational churches of America are sound in the faith. The confidence of the brother is touching, for a little acquaintance with the preachers and worshipers who bear the names of Evans, Powell, Howells, Morgan, Edwards, Jones and other such witnesses to Cambrian origin, will discover among them many good men and women who have gone far afield in doctrine, but who still are true in practice, fervid in faith, consecrated seekers after truth. Beyond the call of the creed, even the Welshman ever and anon hears and heeds the far and high call of Paul, "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

The *Congregationalist* for last week contains a suggestive article on "The Training of Sunday-school Teachers," dwelling on the hopeful facts that indicate a growing attention to the matter of Sunday-school teaching. This is all-important, but the manner is also important. There is need of normal work here, pedagogical training. The public school teachers seize upon their vacation months as the opportunity for brushing up and catching up in their profession; they have learned the economy of co-operation and consultation. The minister, of all the professions, seems to be most anxious to escape from his life's work and to avoid the study and the renewal made possible by the vacation. Public school teachers find they acquire a great impetus and possess themselves of many new suggestions and aspiring methods in a teacher's institute of one or two weeks' duration. How much more could a body of preachers, willing to work and play systematically together, do for themselves and for their constituencies by spending a month or two together during a time and at a place where the intrusions of the world are reduced to the minimum. The summer school for the Sunday-school teacher is yet a great and hopeful possibility. How much can be done in this direction a few people are willing to testify who have visited even irregularly the Tower Hill Summer School, that for the last fourteen years has been doing business in the direction of a Sunday-school teachers' normal school. This year they begin the first year of the seven years' course in the study of religion, and past experience warrants the statement that an hour and a half in the forenoon for five days in the week and for five weeks' duration will do much toward putting teachers and superintendents in possession of matter and method for a year's work in the Sunday-school.

"Why do men not go to church?" is ever a subject at the service of the editorial pencil. The *Literary Digest* for June 4 compiles comments from the *New York Sun*, the *Washington Post* and the *New York Herald*, all of which make suggestive contributions to the question they do not solve. Dr. Savage and Mrs. Ballington Booth notwithstanding, the primary assumption seems established, viz., that men do not go to church in the same proportion as women, perhaps not in the proportion of long ago. This is the result, not of one but of many causes, some of which are noted in the citations of the *Literary Digest*. Men are too busy; they do not have time to go to the theater; even in a street-cleaning meeting the women outnumber the men two to one. The New York Rabbi is also right when he suggests that philanthropy or something called "social work" has replaced religion in many minds and in more hearts undirected by mind. The *New York Sun* touches one of the most fundamental reasons, which applies to many women, as well as to many men—they are not interested in the church because they are not interested in religion. Indolence of spirit is often found coupled with tremendous physical, industrial and commercial energies. There are many popular substitutes for religion available today: the doing good by proxy—the leisure class industry of radiating benignancy, on the part of those who make "influencing" their neighbors a profession, and who seek to earn their bread by the sweat of the muscles that do the smiling. But none of these will adequately take the place of the ever old and ever new spirit of self-forgetfulness; the consecration to continuous tasks; the doing good by being good; the helping others by noble living. These deeper tastes of religion have always been neglected, and have always witnessed to the indifference of men and the superficiality of women. It is the part of wisdom to soberly recognize the fact, to accept the uncomplimentary conclusion and set one's self to the task, not of parrying criticism, but of removing the cause.

Notwithstanding the political excitement in Wisconsin there will be a moment of calm, a period consecrated to thought in that state this week, when it celebrates the jubilee of the State University. Fifty years reach back to within five years of territorial days. This school, planted in the wilderness, has grown to be a mighty power; it is emphatically a home product. According to an article in the *Review of Reviews* for June, 82 per cent. of the three thousand young men and women who throng the University halls at Madison are Wisconsin born. Its President was born on a Wisconsin farm when the University was but four years old. Now its splendid campus is dotted with magnificent buildings. Its alumni and alumnæ occupy positions of trust and renown in all quarters of the globe, and its professors enjoy international reputations. But the crowning glory of this institution is that it is the product of the people whom it serves so well. Its endowment is not from millionaires, but from the millions. It is the capstone of that public school system which is the pride of democracy, as it is adequate to the needs of the choicest aristocracy. Wisconsin this week may well emphasize the truth that the best possible education is none too good for all its children. The public school that is not good enough for the children of the millionaire is not good enough for the child of that millionaire's coachman. Nay, more, a poor public school is better for the children of both than a good

and his modesty and spiritual integrity severely taxed, refinement of privilege, is abundantly made up in the vigor of contact, the wholesale competitions and comparisons that come from the wider range of experience, origins and temperaments. Great men, like great trees, cannot be reared under glass. Plant your oak not in a flower-pot, but in the field. UNITY sends its congratulations to Wisconsin, and its fellowship to teachers and graduates of its great University. There has never been a time during its fifty years of history that it did not occupy a place in the affections of the present writer. It was the ideal of his boyhood. Many bitter tears were shed by him when Abraham Lincoln's call assumed pre-eminence over the ambition to be enrolled among the students flocking on the campus, which then seemed ideal, and still continues to lure young and old to high themes and to noble deeds.

When once the ethical sense becomes confused and the moral perception is lost, however gifted the individual may be in intellect or favored by circumstances, he becomes an unsafe leader and unworthy of public confidence. Many a great man has fallen in this way, to his own and others' surprise, as the history of our country and its experience in the present abundantly show. A pathetic case in point is that of one Roderick Jones, a South African editor, who writes on "The Black Peril in South Africa" in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*. He writes clearly, and from what seems to be ample knowledge, but because of a few fundamental errors and vicious assumptions, his article is an ethical jumble likely to confuse the judgment and blunt the conscience of the unwary. After showing that the native population of South Africa in the Zambesi is ten million, while the white population is less than one million, and that instead of showing any sign of decrease or degeneracy, the native negro has, to the contrary, become a "power in the land, socially, politically and economically," that 68 per cent. of the children who attend school in Cape Colony are colored, that the colonies and territories are literally peppered with colored schools largely taught by aboriginal teachers who have passed one or the other of the Cape University examinations, and that they display no lack of qualifications, that the natives are "awakening from the slumber of centuries," that they have an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and much more evidence of the same nature, he proceeds frantically to predict terrible disgraces and catastrophes to the "Master races." He has his tilt at the American Declaration of Independence; he deplores the constitutional guarantee of the black man's rights in Cape Colony, and predicts a radical withdrawal of such rights. He regrets the growth of religious life and organizations among the natives as reported by the marvelous extension of the American African Methodist Episcopal church. He notes with horror the awful political heresy mooted in the cry of "Africa for the Africans!" He closes with a prediction: "The just laws of nature" will compel the white man in South Africa "to adopt measures against the native at which today nine people out of ten would raise their hands in pious horror." Let American citizens and would-be American statesmen study the lapse into the ethics of the jungle and take warning before it is too late. It is not quite clear that the white man should dispossess the native black or yellow men of their homes or their rights, either in Africa or the Islands of the Sea, but it is quite clear that the rising black or yellow man has a surer claim on the future than a degenerate white man. The God of History is "no respecter of persons," but he is vigilant for principles,

> "And ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."

Charles S. Deneen's Opportunity.

Once more Illinois has broken the record in the matter of political intrigue, complexity of "pulls," efficiency of "machines" and heroic persistency of "Bosses" and "Leaders." The story of the seventy-one ballots necessary to fix upon a candidate for the governorship, running as it did through ten days of boisterous mind, purse and character-tearing excitement, not counting the ten days' intermission devoted to more plottings, pulling and noise, is an exciting one. It tells of an obstinacy worthy of a better cause. But, strange to say, the better parties won out at the end. The two names that lead the ticket, Deneen and Sherman, represent the better elements in Illinois republicanism. They are pledged to clean methods and progressive legislation. Yates, the present incumbent, was on hand with the well-organized and thoroughly disciplined band of state employes that he had been grooming for just this purpose during the busy years of his incumbency, as he could where there is no civil service law. "Col." Lowden, the young man who married into the Pullman millions, was there with a full barrel and the "Federal" backing. So were both the United States Senators, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and such notorious "workers" of bad repute as "Billy" Lorimer, "Doc" Jamieson, Martin B. Madden, John M. Smyth, and their associates in the "gang," who assume that there is one standard of ethics and honor for private morals and another for political service.

Notwithstanding all this, the independent candidate was at last the successful one, and the triumph was won by the better elements in Chicago. The "corrupt Metropolis" was able to break the corrupted and corrupting machine at home, and it was able to save the state from further degeneracy in this direction.

We deem it not only our right, but our duty, to speak thus frankly as editor of a paper committed to practical religion and civic ethics, not because we would indulge in personalities, but because the humiliating spectacle at Springfield is the result of a vicious standard of political ethics. Governor Yates is not a bad man, but a weak man in his moral nature. He is the victim of a low political standard. He has been corrupted by the spoils system. Col. Lowden is a man of ability deserving a better fate and fit for higher service. His is the fate of poor dog Tray—he has been found in bad company.

Mr. Deneen, with strained nerves, depleted purse, and his modesty and spiritual integrity severely taxed, finds himself confronted with the most splendid opportunity ever offered a citizen of Illinois since the war for the Union. If by ambition and temperament, he aspires to the career of a politician, he has been to a good school and has great strategic advantages for a successful career. But if, as his friends believe, he has the qualification of a statesman, his opportunity is magnificent, assuming his election, which is well nigh assured. If he sets himself to accomplish three things with all his mind and heart he will win unmeasured honor and respect, even though he fail.

1. It is his opportunity now, once and for all, to put behind him the devil temptation of a second term. He has sought the office this time; let the office seek him the next time, if it is to be held by him. This will relieve him of endless complications and remove from him numberless temptations.

2. Let him use all his power of brain and influence to give to the state the much-belated civil service law, an honest and thorough one that will protect the helpless wards of the public and remove from Illinois the humiliation that now overhangs it in this respect, making its institutional service one of the most humiliating in all the northern states.

3. Let him devote his splendid energy and high ability to the securing of a direct primary law that will make the future humiliations and complications like those which have just been experienced in Wisconsin and Illinois impossible. The present delegate system is found in practical experience the most effective way of defeating the wishes of the public, of subverting the ideals of democracy.

The new charter for Chicago and other good things will of course follow such high statesmanship. Let Mr. Deneen rise to his great opportunity and make himself an enduring fame in his native state, and in due time the nation will need him and call him.

One sacrifice of the temporal for the eternal day is the grain of mustard-seed, which may give birth to a tree large enough to make a home for the sweetest singing birds. One moment of deep truth in life, of choosing not merely honesty, but purity, may leaven the whole mass.—*Margaret Fuller.*

The Hill Pasture.

In silky balls beside the stream
The pussy-willows stand,
Where thick the yellow cowslips gleam
Upon the reedy land.

And up the hillside, green and steep,
The lacing dogwood boughs
In fleeting glimpses show the sheep
Like blossoms as they browse.

The redbud trees are wrapped in rose,
The hawthorn throbs and pales;
And, launched by every breeze that blows,
The elm-seeds spread their sails.

They float like shining spangles bright
Adown the sunny air,
And cargoes sweet of sheer delight
Unto my heart they bear.

In happy dreams I watch the flocks,
While like a lavish king
With golden key the day unlocks
The treasures of the spring.

—*Evaleen Stein.*

Blossom Time

It's O my heart, my heart!
To be out in the sun and sing;
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree,
O bird, sing loud in the sky!
And honey-bees blacken the clover beds—
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away.

For O but the world is fair, is fair,
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love that my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom more pure and meek,
May offer it up to him.

Then sing in the hedge-row green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue!
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

The Cry of the Old House.

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids, with starched frocks;
My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
Against the keen, lone, throbbing sky;
The tang of the old box
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dews fall.
Come back!
I watch, I cry:
Leave the rude wharf, the mart;
Come back!
Else I shall break my heart.

Am I forgot;
My days as they were not?—
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes;
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you;
The larkspurs growing tall,
You wreathed in pink and blue,
Within your prayer-books small;
The cupboards carved both in and out,
With curious, prickly vine,
And smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Of folk you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay rout;
The lanterns, that at hour for bed,
A charmed, but homely red,
Went flickering from shed to shed;
The fagots crumbling, spicy, good,
Brought in from the great wood;
The Dark that held you all about;
The Wind that would not go?—
Come back, my women and my men,
And take them all again!

. . . . . .

Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wistful lands,
The poplar-haunted lands.
You need not call,
For I shall know,
And light the candles tall,
Set wine and loaf a-row.
Come back!
Unlatch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more.
For I shall comfort you, oh lad;
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly glad!
The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgot, forgot!
Come back,
And fall upon my heart!

Lizette Woodworth Reese, in the June Atlantic.

The Strenuous Life.*

Aye, but what is a strenuous life? It is true that we ought not to lead lives of ignoble ease and that our lives should be strenuous; but strenuous, strong lives are—what? I see in my mind's eye, pictures of a real and rightly strenuous life. I see the blacksmith with his arm bared, hammering away upon the anvil. I see the farmer following the furrows, planting the seed with hope of a harvest engendered by faith in Providence and in Nature's laws. I see him going home at the end of the day's work with apparently little done; at the end of the week even, with not many furrows added to those already plowed.

I see him at his home among his children, teaching them the plain, old-fashioned virtues of frugality, industry, honesty—faith in reaping a harvest where proper sowing has been.

I see the preacher in the pulpit, trying to bring men to higher thinking and better living. I see the missionary abroad, taking his life in his hand as Peter and John and Paul did before him, at once teacher and doctor and friend.

What play-actors on the stage of strenuous living are Rough Riders in comparison with this real strenuous life!.....

I do not know what the rest of you think, but I do not want my children taught that the real strenuous life—the life therefore to be lived—is that of the professional fighter—regardless of the cause for which he fights.....

But there are others who talk of "manifest destiny." Ah, my friends, there is a destiny for each of us, man or nation; but there is no destiny made manifest to any of us save that destiny alone. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he surely reap."..... If ye sow cruelty, ye shall reap savagery, *and some of the harvest will be reaped in your own breast.....* If ye sow chains abroad ye shall reap slavery at home. How long before the crop is ready for the reaper it matters little.

Perhaps because the younger men of the South were cradled in storm and battle-fury and mothers' tears, they have a greater horror of needless war. Carmack, the young Senator from Tennessee, wound up one of his fiercest speeches by saying, with deep earnestness:

"I long to see my country turn back, and again find her inspiration in that high wisdom, 'whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.'"

Senator Bacon, of Georgia, was a very young man when the civil war broke out, but he took part in it. Still, he spoke in manly deprecation of the proposed erection of a statue of Frederick the Great at the war college here. It was presented by Emperor William.

Senator Bacon said: "I should be more than glad to see erected in this capital, the statues of a great many Germans whose names could be easily selected, men who have illustrated in their lives and achievements those things which have advanced the civilization of the world, and have conduced to progress and to humanity....men who have been famous in literature, philosophy, inventions, art and science.....

"Our people on holidays take their children around to view this beautiful Capitol building and to note the monuments which are found in parks all over the city ....and the father points out each one to his children as an ideal to be emulated. When he comes in front of the statue of Frederick the Great and points it out to his child, what is he to tell him? To what is he to point him as the ideal which he desires that son to emulate as one of the supporters of this government? To what is he to point him as the feature which he shall emulate, considered from the standpoint of personal liberty, the right of the people to self-government, and the preservation of free republican institutions?"

"Strange," said a clergyman, last night, "it is only from the South you hear such words now."

The North seems to have got back to July 4, 1840, when the "solid men of Boston" stalked out of Faneuil Hall, growling at an oration just delivered by young Charles Sumner upon "The True Grandeur of Nations."

*The foregoing extracts from speeches by Senator Williams, of Mississippi, and Senator Bacon, of Georgia, have been sent us by a correspondent with a request for publication. We take pleasure in opening our columns to their plea for simpler living and truer patriotism.—EDS.

Impressions of a Gentile at a Jewish Temple Service.

One of the most interesting religious services which it has been my lot to attend was the confirmation service recently held in Temple Israel, Dr. Joseph Stolz's church.

The occasion was the annual feast of Sheboeth. The large beautiful temple was filled to overflowing, and the doors were closed for safety's sake.

The Jewish service is conducted from a regular order, somewhat after the style of the Episcopal and Catholic service, partly in English and partly in Hebrew. The Rabbi reads in a strong clear voice, not chanting as the others do.

The theme of their service is to recount God's mercies to Israel, to urge upon the Jews the preservation of the faith, believing it to be the mission of the Jews to bring all nations to the worship of Jehovah, that the stone (the Jew) which the builders rejected shall become the head of the corner.

The music is all rendered by the organ and choir, with occasionally a violin accompaniment. There is no singing by the congregation.

The congregation rise a few times during the service.

Family ties are held very sacred by the Jews, a few moments are given to recalling the memory of father or mother, those who have lost a parent during the past year rise to their feet while the minister speaks to them a few words of consolation.

This occasion is a holiday; the happy faces of the Jewish children who swarmed in every nook and corner of the Temple lent animation to the scene. Suddenly a hush comes over the merry throng. Slowly moves up the center aisle a procession, in front are two officers of the church, then there comes the Rabbi, then comes the confirmation class of forty members walking two by two, the boys leading.

The boys are dressed in black with white vests, the girls wear white dresses and white bows in their hair, and all, both boys and girls, carry in their hand a large bouquets of white flowers.

They take their seats on the pulpit platform in front of the altar, the boys in front, the Rabbi sitting in the center.

The altar usually draped in black and gold today has a white curtain before it and a white cover drapes the pulpit.

The services are conducted by the class. One of the boys in a strong, clear voice, which reaches every part of the sanctuary, reads in Hebrew from the regular service. He is followed by another boy, who reads in English. After this is over the Rabbi announces that the confirmation services proper begin. Dr. Stolz remarked that we of the reformed church recognize the equality of the sexes, the girls will take an equal part with the boys in the service.

As a token of offering the first fruits unto the Lord, and of their young lives to his service, the class deposit the flowers which they have brought, upon the pulpit.

Two by two they approach the pulpit and recount God's love and mercies towards Israel, reciting the admonitions of Moses and the prophets, and declaring their faith and allegiance to Jehovah.

Five boys and five girls recited the ten commandments, each giving a short sermon on applying the commandment to our daily life.

One boy rolled back from before the altar the white curtain and taking the sacred scroll, laid it upon the pulpit and unrolled it, five boys and the same number of girls in turn read from the scroll the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Numbers, where the law provided for the waters of separation as a purification from sins, and also is recorded the bringing forth of the water from the rock by the stroke of Moses' rod.

The class sang a song in Hebrew after all had spoken, which was done with scarcely a break, and so well that, though I sat in the rear of the church, nearly every word could be heard. Dr. Stolz gave his charge to the class.

I notice this distinguishing feature between the Jewish religion and the Christian faith, i. e. that the Jewish faith is a national and a family religion, while the Christian religion is a religion of seperation, no Baptist or Methodist pastor could have given the charge to a class of boys and girls that this rabbi gave to this class.

When I became a Baptist I left father and brother and sister, I was separated from them, they could not feel the joy I felt for my separation meant a renouncing of my family ties and a union with strangers, a separation for time and perhaps for eternity should the theory of the principles for which my church stands prove true. "He that loveth father or mother more than me cannot be my disciple," said Jesus. But Jesus came to "purify from among the heathen a people for God's name." It was his mission to establish a distinct church as Moses had done.

Dr. Stolz spoke to his young charges of their duty to God, how he had kept them from the beginning, how through all their sufferings their forefathers had kept their faith and God had rewarded them by bringing them into this beautiful liberty-loving country which they could call their own, where they could worship God without fear of molestation, and urged them to live such lives of truth and righteousness that all nations might see by their lives that their God was the one great and good God whom all men should serve.

He spoke of the joy this day brought to their parents, who had watched over them so tenderly, who had made so many sacrifices for them. He admonished them to listen to the council of their parents, to join the synagogue and to keep the company which their parents desired them to keep. Prize your parents. Most of you have them with you, several have lost one, one of your number has lost both. As Dr. Stolz spoke these words there passed over that great audience like an electric shock an emotion which brought a sympathetic tear from every eye.

Continuing, he said, you are now at the turning point of your lives. The influences which direct you now will determine your whole life, may it be towards truth and chastity.

The time will soon come when you boys will place a ring on the finger of some girl, and let me say that I hope it will be a Jewish girl, for I regret that it is becoming the fashion for Jews to marry outside of their religious faith. Let there be no double standard of morals among you, but let boys and girls both live chaste lives.

I can only give here a few paragraphs of a most excellent address. The reply by one of the boys in behalf of the class was equally good, the thought was that we are to-day what our dear parents and you, dear Dr. Stolz, have made us by your love and teaching.

At this point the class left the platform and went among their parents kissing parent and grand parent, and then returned to their places.

Dr. Stolz stood before the altar which is at the back of the pulpit platform. A violin with the organ played soft sweet music, while two by two these young people passed up to the minister and received the laying on of hands of Dr. Stolz, the last act of the ceremonies which made them full members of the congregation. Here again the tears of the audience flowed in sweet accord.

The service lasted three hours, and to me was one of great interest. I wish that every Christian might have seen this service.

When I look back over my religious training and the way I have trained others I feel there is a reformation needed. Up to the time of Christ we look upon the Jew as an example of godliness among men, but since that time we have lost sight of those qualities, and have trodden him down as the mire in the streets.

I feel that God is with these people, that he *will* come again to Jacob, and yet choose Israel.

That God will justify them through their faith, that Christ will claim them as his, through his spirit which is manifesting itself in the Jewish life.

In conclusion let me say it is the desire of my heart that I may be convinced of God's care for them. That they are his, and we are his. At any rate it will be well to go over our Bibles again and see if we have read it aright, and see after all if there is anything which can disannul the promise given to Abra- be blessed.

CHARLES W. MASON.

Chicago.

The Living God.

When Israel out of darkness came,
All in the years of old,
By day the cloud, by night the flame,
Their path in beauty told!

This lies behind us as a dream
How God did guide the race;
And joy and comfort in it gleam,
And peace and thoughts of grace!

But now the story comes anew—
In budding of the spring,
And once again to common view—
The providence we sing!

God is with us in this our day,
His guiding clear in sight;
The flowers are showing us his way,
And so the stars of night.

The glory is for us and ours—
Thro' summer sweet and long,
His love unfolded in the flowers,
And spoken in bird-song!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Our Sacrifice.

For the rose-bud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;

For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
We thank thee, O our God!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always,—this is duty.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Frances Power Cobbe.

SERMON DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, MAY 22, 1904.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.—Isaiah ix.25.

Today England mourns the death of Frances Power Cobbe. Next to Florence Nightingale, who still abides, she was the most illustrious woman of the realm. Ten years ago she gave to English letters her autobiography in two volumes, which constituted one of the marked books of the year. Since then she has lived the eighth decade of her life quietly, beautifully, but persistently active, at Hengwrt, her Welsh home. From beginning to end, the life of this woman was exceptionally sane and sanitary. Favored in birth, gifted in intellect, she occupied a radiant place in the brilliant company of England's noblest. She was a child of the sunrise, born on the 24th day of December, 1822, of Anglo-Irish parents. Most of her early life was spent in the comfortable home of an Irish gentleman with limited means. "No ancestors of mine ever dabbled in printer's ink," she said, but she was born to wield the pen. Not for art's sake; she never attempted to create literature, but she wrote persistently for the sake of the right.

Thus all the living issues that engaged the public during her long life were permeated with her loving earnestness, shot through and through with her own clear thinking.

According to her own estimate, the school training offered a gentleman's daughter in her day was very superficial, the chief emphasis being placed on music, manners and the use of the needle. But this lack had its compensations. At that time there was no special reward to a girl for "gobbling up knowledge," as she phrased it; competitive examinations and the eternal necessity of gettting an "M. A." or a "B. S." did not obtain.

"When I came across something I did not understand, there did not seem the necessity, as now, to hasten over it, leaving the unknown name or event alike, an enemy's fortress on the road of the advancing army. I stopped, sat down before it perhaps for days or even weeks before I conquered it at last, and went on strengthened."

In childhood she loved to "browse incessantly in libraries." Early in life she met the experiences that always await the sensitive soul under the conventional orthodox influences. She "experienced religion," and became intensely devout in a quiet, silent way. But at last her quiet, meditative life made thinking imperative, and, "thinking," she wrote, "is dangerous to the peace of mind where conformity is required."

"How did it happen, exactly?" she asked of her father, when he read the story of the loaves and fishes for the Sunday evening lesson. Then came the inevitable check which brought at last the agonized cry, "O, heavens! I am doubting the Bible. God forgive me; I must never think of it again!"

But the mind trained to think could not stop thinking; the intellect would assert itself. She must not torture the frail mother; she dared not face the soldierly father. Her struggle was necessarily a lonely one. The battle was heroically fought and won on the spiritual fields. Through pain came peace, and this was the enduring foundation:

"Even though there be no life after death, I may yet deserve my own respect here and now; and if there be a God, he must approve me."

In a few days after this basis was reached, she could write:

"I instinctively, and almost without reflection, began to pray. Of dogmatical Christianity, there never was any more. I have never from that time, now more than fifty years, attached, or wished I could attach, credence to any part of what Dr. Martineau has called 'the Apocalyptic side of Christianity'; nor, may I add with thankfulness, have I ever lost faith in God."

In due time there reached her from over the sea what was to her, to me, and to many thousands of others an epoch-marking book—Theodore Parker's "Discourse of Religion." This book helped her immediately, as she said,

"By teaching me to regard divine inspiration no more as miraculous and therefore an incredible thing, but as normal and in accordance with the natural relations of the infinite and finite spirit,—a divine inflowing of mental light precisely analogous to that which divines call 'grace.'"

From the note of thanks for this book sprang a correspondence which developed an intimacy and a touching and beautiful comradeship between the brave man in America and the brave young woman in England. When Parker came to die in Florence she hastened from her English home to his bedside. Nearing the river's brink, he said to her: "Of course I am not afraid to die, but there is so much to be done." Of her to his wife he said: "I must not see her often, it makes my heart swell too high, but you must see her every day; there is but one Miss Cobbe in the world."

Theodore Parker's funeral was the first she had ever attended. Soon after, she edited the only complete, uniform edition of Theodore Parker's works ever issued, and that was for a London house. To these twelve volumes she wrote a lengthy preface, which has done high service as a book on its own account, under the title of "The Religious Demands of the Age." This was the first book she ever wrote on a religious subject. Her father forbade her leaving the manuscript lying around loose, "lest the unwary might be poisoned by her infidelity."

Next after Theodore Parker, Miss Cobbe deserves most credit for giving currency to the word "Theism," representing that warm, trustful, devout, loving faith in God and love for man which supplanted the cold, intellectual and largely destructive "Deism" of the eighteenth century.

During all her working years, Miss Cobbe was the busiest of women. For seven years she was a tireless writer on the editorial staff of a London daily paper, going to the office three days a week to write a leader on a subject agreed upon with the Editor-in-Chief. During these seven years she estimated that she wrote over a thousand leaders, besides a vast number of notes. She calls this paper "my pulpit, with the permission which other pulpits lack so sadly, of making such jokes as please me." Many of these articles were subsequently gathered into books.

Meanwhile, she was becoming interested in all kinds of philanthropic work. At one time she was a co-worker with Mrs. Carpenter in the ragged schools of Bristol; she toiled for the sick in workhouses; she pleaded the cause of the miserable everywhere; she championed the claims of women; and she reached at last her final enthusiasm and the culmination of her toil in her efforts to ameliorate the condition of the silent members of the humbler families of life, the dumb animals.

All the way through, the two volumes of autobiography are made atttractive and instructive by the familiar presence of Darwin, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Tyndall and their companions in the world of letters. Poets, politicians, scientists and reformers meet us in every chapter because they were her constant comrades and co-workers.

As might have been expected, her health gave way under the strain of her London life, which lasted nearly twenty years, and in 1884 she took up her quiet home in Wales and specialized her benevolence as a leader of the anti-vivisection movement.

In 1863 English newspapers contained accounts of dreadful cruelties perpetrated in the veterinary schools at Alfort, near Paris, where each student was supplied with a living horse, upon which he was required to perform sixty operations. The details of these operations, as given in Miss Cobbe's autobiography, are too trying to enumerate. At that time the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was young. It undertook to reduce, if not to stop, these atrocities; but Napoleon III. was himself in the habit of attending these hideous spectacles, and the prospect was most discouraging. But Miss Cobbe wrote her article on "The Rights of Man and the Claims of the Brute," and Mr. Froude published it in *Frazer's Magazine*. So far as known, this was the first effort to deal with the moral question involved in the academic torture of animals. Looking back over thirty years, Miss Cobbe regarded the argument originally considered fundamental as identical with the views which most right-minded people had come to hold at the end of that period.

The same month that witnessed the appearance of this article brought her a visit from Dr. Appleton of Harvard, who had stood with her at the dying bed of Theodore Parker. He told her of a visit to Professor Schiff's laboratory, where dogs, pigeons, and other animals were frightfully mangled for would-be scientific purposes, and the residents in the neighborhood were protesting against the annoyance caused by the pitiful cries and moans of the victims. There was no law in Tuscany to reach such a case. Miss Cobbe drafted a memorial which was at once translated into Italian and sent around for signatures. Mary Summerville headed the petition; Walter Savage Landor added to his name, as might have been expected, "words so violent that she was obliged to suppress them." Seven hundred and eighty-three signatures were secured, but Professor Schiff tossed the petition scornfully aside. But the matter was out; discussion was afoot; publicity was at work; numberless lawsuits were inaugurated by residents trying to abate the nuisance, and at last the accomplished butcher had to retire. Miss Cobbe calls this her "first brush with the demon of vivisection." She went back to England with pity in her heart and fire in her eye.

The British Association, meeting in Liverpool in 1870, passed four humane rules or recommendations, as follows:

1. "No experiment that can be performed under the influence of anæsthetics ought to be done without it."
2. "No painful experiment should be performed to illustrate a law or fact already demonstrated."
3. "Whenever, for the investigation of new truth, a painful experiment is necesessary, every effort should be made to secure success in order that it might not be wasted; that is, the operation should not be undertaken by unskilled persons or with insufficient instruments or assistance."
4. "No operation should be performed upon living animals for the mere purpose of obtaining operative dexterity."

Notwithstanding the high source of these resolutions, certain physicians began to organize an opposition movement. They regarded it as an encroachment upon their rights. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hesitated, either from want of vision or of courage. Miss Cobbe drafted a memorial to the committee of this Society, begging their co-operation in the amelioration of cruelty in the various medical schools in the country. Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Lecky, Arthur Helps, John Bright, Jowett, Edwin Arnold, Cardinal Manning, Ruskin, Martineau, with any number of lords, bishops and archbishops, signed the petition. James Martineau wrote:

"I should have been very sorry not to join in the protest against this hideous offense."

The Dean of Carlyle said:

"It is incredible hypocrisy and folly to believe that such wholesale torture is necessary to enlighten these stupid doctors."

Sir Henry Mayne said:

"I am inclined to think that these men ought to be dealt with as guilty of a new offense, not an old one."

The petition was graciously received, and Miss Cobbe rode home happy. But a few days later her heart sank when, appearing, in response to an invitation, before the sub-committee on vivisection, she was asked to help put a suitable bill through Parliament; "As if," she said, "all my labor with the Memorial had not been spent to make them do this very thing."

In 1875 a letter from a physician of standing appeared in the *London Morning Post,* describing what he himself had seen in one of the laboratories. This letter has since become famous. I dare not quote the piteous description as it is given by Miss Cobbe in her autobiography, Vol. II., p. 579.

Miss Cobbe was now thoroughly aroused. To right this great wrong to animals became the work of her life. A special organization was to be created, and special legislation must be obtained. Here again she was aided by such men as the Archbishop of York and Mr. Spurgeon of London. "The Society for Protection to Animals Liable to Vivisection" was the title. Miss Cobbe soon got rid of the heavy name, calling it instead "The Victoria Society," after the location of the office.

The bill was easily introduced, but, as is often the case, it was so mangled in the committee room that the nature of it was almost reversed; the enemies of the movement carried it through, plunging Miss Cobbe into misery. She says:

"I feared I had done harm instead of good, and brought fresh danger to the hapless brutes for whose sakes, as I realized more and more their agonies, I would have gladly died. I was baffled in a cause nearer to my heart than any other had ever been, for which I had strained every nerve for many months. Justice and mercy seemed to have gone from the earth."

At the end of the season, as usual, they went to Wales, but the beauty of the lovely land had vanished; what she and her friends had enjoyed for twenty years was not there. "Ah, that was when we knew very little of vivisection." She paid the high price of culture, the noble penalty of refinement. She knew the tortures of the redeemed, the hell of the noble. The cry of anguish from a tortured cat blackened the summer skies and touched with gloom the radiant mountain landscape. Letters from the humane came from all parts of the world; new societies were started in Berlin, Stockholm, Copenhagen, even in Florence, where her heart was first wrung. In short, she says:

"At the end of the decade, though we had been so cruelly defeated, we were conscious that our movement had become one of the permanent agitations."

Other attempts in Parliament brought defeats not so humiliating. At one time the House of Commons was divided—83 for the prohibition of vivisection, 220 against it. At another time sixteen peers were for a restricted bill and ninety-seven against it. Finally a License Act was passed imposing certain restrictions, which, although unsatisfactory to the leaders, enabled them at least to gather some statistics regarding the quivering flesh of voiceless sufferers.

At the end of twenty-two years she practically retired from the active work of the Victoria Society. She obeyed the "voice at eve obeyed at prime," and proceeded to take in sail; she must put her literary house in order and prepare to go hence. She reported that in six years she had published 320 books, pamphlets and leaflets; that is, about one a week, and afterward 271,350 copies of them were printed, 173 papers written by herself, many of them adopted by the societies. Her one society had multiplied to fifty-seven;

she calls them her grandchildren, the offspring of her own society. She says:

"Looking back over these twenty years, I can see that, starting from the apparently small and subordinate questions of scientific cruelty, the controversy has been growing and widening until the whole department of ethics dealing with man's relations with the lower animals, has gradually been included in it. That this department is an obscure one, that it should be carefully studied and worked out is also clear."

That Miss Cobbe's motive was high, her feelings tender, her sympathies commendable, all will agree, but what about the principles involved? Was she wise as she was loving? Was she just as she was earnest? Christianity has been slow to admit in theory, and still slower to vindicate in practice, the principle that animals have rights which men are bound to respect. "Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not on the equal liberty of any other man," is the dictum of Herbert Spencer. Should this dictum be extended into sub-human realms?

The eastern world has been much quicker than the western world has been to recognize the kinship between man and his humbler relations; but western science has done much to justify the reverence of the Buddhist and the piety of the Egyptians. The former holds all life sacred, and the latter has established hospitals for neglected cats and suffering dogs. Until recently the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was on the proscribed lists at Rome, being ranked as dangerous with other free-thinking tendencies. The church assumed an impassable chasm between instinct and reason; between the perishing animal and the immortal soul of man.

Drummond, in his "Ascent of Man," has an interesting chapter on "The Scaffolding Left in the Body," in which he notes the remnants of the ladder upon which man has climbed to his present physical ascendancy. Embryology shows that the human infant passes through the successive stages of animal ascent. At one time the human embryo is indistinguishable from that of a fish or a reptile. In the various stages he is successively shaped like a quadruped and covered with hair like an ape, and at birth the hands have surprising grasping power. In an experiment upon twelve infants under one hour old, six suspended themselves for half a minute by the hands, and three of them nearly a minute, an achievement which probably none of them could attain at ten. Herein is their pre-human, tree-climbing ancestry confessed. Physiologically speaking, our ears are highly differentiated gills, and our tonsils are troublesome and apparently useless survivals. The higher apes have shed their tails, but in the anatomy of man is still left a caudal remnant, and the vermiform appendix is a "veritable death trap left in the body," after it has ceased to be of any service.

These physical scaffoldings left in the body of man are matched by the psychical bases found in the animal. Says Charles Darwin:

"The sense and intuitions, the fellings, emotions and faculties, such as love, memory, attention, curiosity, imitation, reason, etc., of which man boasts, may be found in an incipient, or even sometimes, in a well developed condition in the lower animals."

Says the Rev. J. G. Wood, a close student and lover of our lower relations:

"The manner in which we ignore individuality in the lower animals is simply astounding. I am quite sure that most of the cruelties which are perpetrated on the animals are due to the habit of considering them as mere machines, without susceptibilities, without reason, and without the capacities of a future."

These facts go to prove that animals should have some of the rights of fellow creatures. Science reenforces the humane precepts of Buddha and restores the conscience of the benign Pagan, Plutarch, who said:

"A good man will take care of his horses and dogs not only while they are young but when they are old and past service. We ought surely not to treat living beings like shoes and household goods which, when worn out with use, we throw away."

That these rights are cruelly invaded every day in the week by men, women and children all about us, is a matter of painful observation. Nothing goes further to prove the brutal origin of man than his brutal treatment of his brute relations—the survival of the wolf and the tiger, the snake and the hawk, in the individual and social life of man today. De Quincy said:

"If the groans and screams of the persecuted cats were gathered into some great echoing hall of horrors, they would melt the heart of the stoniest of our race."

And an observer who had visited a modern physiological laboratory noted "the pathetic appeals of the poor dogs to their tormentors."

It was not until 1839 that London forbade by law the use of dogs as draft animals. In 1854 the enactment was extended throughout the realm. This practice is still much in evidence throughout the continent.

It is quite fashionable now-a-days to assail the brutality of the driver who kicks, whips, beats, blisters, starves and curses the horse he drives. But what of the more continuous and, on that account, more refined torture of the "bob-tail and the over-check," in which the lady of the boulevard delights, or of the enormous loads which horses are often compelled to draw? Said a driver who brought a load to the Lincoln Centre last week:

"If any of us drivers touch a horse a little hard when we find ourselves stalled in a mud hole, we get held up; but they say nothing at all to the wealthy corporations that put 5,700 pounds of lumber behind one horse and make him draw it twelve miles, part of the way through bad roads."

The facts of vivisection have been catalogued to an extent that is sickening; they are at hand in the preparation of this address, but I will not torture your nerves with them; I shall proceed at once to try to state with equal frankness the other side of the question.

Evolution profoundly emphasizes the biblical law of sacrifice. It is a demand of nature, as well as of religion, that the lower ever finds its apotheosis in the service of the higher. Progress has ruthlessly marched over a road paved with the dead and dying who have lived that they might die in the interest of those who are to follow.

It is a pity to emphasize an antagonism between the zoölogist and the zoöpholist—the student of life and the lover of life. I want to believe with George Eliot that "growing thought brings growing revelation;" and with Miss Cobbe that "the increase of knowledge brings an increase of reverence." I do not want to believe that, to the intelligent, "familiarity breeds contempt." I believe that not only the flesh of dogs, but the still more sensitive and precious flesh of men, women and children is a legitimate object of study, of vivisection, if need be, if thereby the mass of suffering be reduced and the excruciating agonies be ameliorated, even though such an amelioration be far off. But let him who would perpetrate this costly sacrifice do it at his peril lest he be found trifling at the solemn task. I would ask no sacrifice of the dog that should not be exacted of his master; aye, more freely from the master, for he can better understand the motive and the reward. There are times when, for the sake of others, life must be held cheap. Suffering must be counted as naught, if truth may thereby triumph, peace be hastened, and happiness augmented.

Just now there is danger of cheapening life by exaggerating its right to pleasure; of dishonoring life by holding it too precious. The universe has little use

for indolent and profitless beings, whether these beings burrow in the ground like the woodchuck, or build palaces on the boulevard, like men. We must all die; the problem is to sell life as dearly as possible; let it bring the greatest good to those who are to come after.

The guinea pig in Koch's laboratory is an humble Winklereid, who mutely takes into his own breast the fiery dart of tuberculosis that thereby he may "make way for liberty; make way for liberty, and die." The legitimate child of civilization must enter the house of life with bowed head, and handle its quivering nerves with reverent hands. This child must seek and search, even though it be at the cost of suffering and torture. I have seen a physician's own arm covered with sores and scars, the result of his own experimenting with the hypodermic needle. He had accepted the danger and the suffering necessary to the high quest, and we read of physicians who willingly exposed themselves to the deadly contagion that they might the better study it.

One of the most valuable practical outcomes of all this anti-vivisection movement is that science itself, under its scrutinizing gaze, has grown clear-eyed. The tendency of our colleges ought to be humane. Professor Wilder of the Physiological Department of Cornell, demands a division of this work of vivisection. The first he called "senti-section"—that is, operating on sensitive flesh; the other he called "calli-section"—operating on non-sensitive flesh. The former should never be used in the class-room; the latter he thinks necessary. A visit to his biological department will generally disclose a colony of happy cats (one hundred and fifty or more), serenely awaiting the time when they may contribute to the cause of science, taking the happy chloroform road into euthanasia, enlarging the intelligence of the world on the way hither. Life is not long on this earth for any cat or man; to but few is it an unmixed blessing. If the man has the right to be carnivorous on his physical side, because life is an ascending series, the upper absorbing and transmuting the lower, logically, he must also have the right to feed the mind with such food as will increase its potency and efficiency. Professor Wilder maintains that this painless study of physiology is essential to students, and that, so far from brutalizing the mind, it awakens it to humane emotions, enlarges its humanity. He claims that the anatomical department of Cornell University is an efficient agency for the prevention of cruelty to animals, not only in the neighborhood of the University, but in the communities which the students are to serve when they pass out.

But I cannot pursue this discussion farther. I have already carried it perhaps beyond the sanction of Miss Cobbe, the childless mother of the suffering. Let us return to her story. The spiritual life that began in a great anxiety for her own soul, ended in a burning passion to alleviate the miseries of the dog and the cat. Through travail of spirit, through the heat of conflict, through the bloodless triumphs on the battle-ground of ideas, she found the "peace that passeth understanding;" she rested in the besetting order, in the thought of a living God that had a concern for his humbler ones. This was growth of spirit. It is an exemplification of the law of spiritual life.

In Ebers' Egyptian story of "Uarda," is described the burning curiosity of Nebsecht, the physician-priest, who longed to know what was to be seen in the human heart, which his religion would not allow him to touch with his desecrating hand or to probe with his irreverent eye. At last he dared to do the infidel act—to lay his hand on the quivering organ, now of fish, then of fowl, then of ape, and at last upon the heart of the great high priest himself. The discovery that they were essentially alike, viz., that they all discharged similar functions, was to him an abiding joy. And through this discovery he grew to be a teacher of patience, a new prophet of souls.

Thus must it ever be. A more intimate acquaintance with reptile, bird, beast, ape and man gave to the last century its humane bias; it raised up a Berg to stand between the tyrant and his horse; it gave to Frances Power Cobbe in the name of science and the God of Science, the courage to exclaim:

"Forbear! Why this high-handed cruelty? Justify this modern 'rack-room' or else keep desecrating hands off from the sacred network of nerve and vein; holy architecture of bone and sinew; the visible temple of the invisible spirit."

When in her childish way she had passed through that mysterious experience called "conversion," the newly awakened moral sense said, "I must give up fishing; the poor fishes are happy in their way in their proper element." Although she dearly loved the sport, she never fished afterward, and never respected fishing as a sport, though recognizing it as a legitimate calling, one of the ways of feeding the world.

Enriched by years of contact with human suffering, chastened by the agonies of thought, strengthened by a great new faith which the world about her called "heresy," her inner ear heard the cry of the speechless sufferers in the laboratories, and she gave her life to the amelioration of animal suffering, becoming thereby, unwittingly, perhaps, a great prophet of soul, a redeemer of the human spirit; for, let the victim of vivisection suffer to his utmost, the wrong done to the poor dog is trifling compared with the wrong done to the soul that perpetrates this suffering with a careless hand or with an aimless spirit.

When Frances Power Cobbe turned away from the missionary's conventional creed and distrusted the missionary's formal methods, she herself, unwittingly, became perhaps the most potent missionary throughout the realm. There is no more inspiring story in the inspiring record of missions and missionaries than this.

In 1881 a foreign correspondent of the Victoria Society who "had previously shown good sense and ardent feeling in the cause," sent a short note to Miss Cobbe saying she was dying, and begging her to send a trusted agent to The Hague if she could not go herself. Miss Cobbe telegraphed, "I sail tonight; will be with you tomorrow." She was kindly received by the distracted husband, who led her to the death chamber of the wife, dying from a cancer on the tongue. The powers of speech had at last gone forever. The husband placed in the hand of Miss Cobbe a large packet of papers and then withdrew from the room. The invalid checked them off one by one; there were many items—Dutch, Russian, American securities, to which were added some items of lace and jewelry, and then she wrote, "I give them all to further the anti-vivisection movement in any way you deem best." Says Miss Cobbe:

"The dear noble woman stood calm and brave in the immediate prospect of death in its most painful form and all her anxiety seemed to be that the poor brutes should be effectually aided by her gifts."

After a few halting efforts to convey gratitude and sympathy, she left with the precious parcel, which the finance commitee found to represent a bequest of about $6,750. With this fund the *Zoöpholist*—the lover of life—was started, and at once became international in its fame and power. This journal carried the gospel of universal brotherhood into the lark's nest, pleaded the sanctities of life as revealed in the white wings of the tern, which woman wantonly desecrates that she may trim her bonnet with them.

The paper I think still lives, pleading for a fraternity of souls that shall include the dog, cat, horse, sheep, cow, deer; touching all life with sanctity, making life

and life's goods subservient to the advancement of truth and righteousness in the world. Think of the speechless woman, stopping on her way to the silence of the grave to provide a spokesman for those who, like herself, were denied a voice to tell their woes or to plead for their rights!

At last the benignant hand of the recipient is powerless, and Frances Power Cobbe has joined the ranks of earth's speechless ones. This favored child of society, who was born to position, influence, art, literature, wealth, preferred to become the advocate of the impaled dog and the champion of the mutilated horse, the drudge of justice to those whom a low Christianity had assumed should live outside the realm of justice and the pale of human fellowship.

Oh, we are too careful about bodies; not careful enough about spirit; too anxious for the bodies that perish; too indifferent to the deathless soul. We talk much about the contagion of disease; Miss Cobbe illustrates the contagious power of virtue. Lady Van Manem-Thesingh of Holland forgot her own rack-tortures, the awful gag in her own throat, while bargaining for a perpetual voice, the thousand-tongued organ of the press, to plead for her the cause of the tortured; to carry her rebuke to the laboratory and the high courts of science, to say for her:

"Let no man give needless twitch to any quivering nerve in any form of life."

Surely, goodness is contagious. Miss Cobbe's grandfather was a country magistrate. On his justice seat in New Bridge was inscribed the text:

"Deliver him that is oppressed in the hand of the adversary."

She inherited this text, which came to be a part of her grandfather's blood. Thus Miss Cobbe was foredoomed to be pitiful; foreordained to excellence. It was her own phrase that "Men are doomed to be saved, decreed not to damnation, but to salvation." The propulsion of creation, the mighty stream of evolution bears all on its bosom towards the realm of pity, into the home of sympathy and the kingdom of justice.

I prefer to illustrate rather than to state the devoutness of Frances Power Cobbe. It was she who wrote of "The broken lights" through which the Divine breaks upon the human. "From the Alone to the Alone" is the title of another of her books of devotion.

Frances Power Cobbe taught in the ragged schools of Bristol. She visited the sick in workhouses. She studied Italian politics. She was the friend of Mrs. Browning. She had a long literary life in London, was the interpreter of Emanuel Kant to Charles Darwin, the champion of women's claims before the law, an ardent advocate of every friendless dog, and founder and first editor of the *Zoöpholist*. She was also the biographer of Theodore Parker; a contributor to the ritual of universal religion. But to her family, most of her friends and to her nation she was an heretic, unbeliever, infidel and atheist. But she dropped the negative from the last word and glorified in her thought as in her life the to her adequate word "Theist." A believer in God, which belief is yet to bring in the time when the words of Isaiah will be verified,—

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord."

The Saddest Spectacle.

The saddest spectacle in this or in any world is a rational and moral being smitten with spiritual death, alive only to what is material and earthly, living without God and without hope. Beware of this inward death,—this insensibility to the presence, the authority, the goodness, of our heavenly Father.—*W. E. Channing.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Reviews.

A. C. McClurg & Company have lately issued three works of serious, permanent and timely interest.* In "Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena," we have a selection of material from the personal journal of General Gourgaud. This journal, which was not printed until 1898, fills some twelve hundred pages. Gourgaud was one of Napoleon's orderly officers; he showed distinguished bravery at the battle of Smolensk, for which he was made a Baron of the Empire; at one time he saved Napoleon from the lance thrust of a Cossack who sought his life; when Napoleon's star declined, Gourgaud showed a genuine devotion and accompanied him to St. Helena. In his journal we find jotted down at the time of their utterance, Napoleon's statements regarding Waterloo, his career, military matters, and a hundred other things of interest. Mrs. Latimer has carefully gone through the whole material and selected those expressions and comments which have a real or genuine interest. These she has translated and carefully arranged, bringing matter treating on one subject together. The references to historical events are put into chronological order, and, where necessary, are connected or explained by judicious comment and observations. She has done her part excellently, and turns out a book of real value.

Mr. Noll's "Short History of Mexico" has met a real need. In his new book, †"From Empire to Republic," he expands that part of Mexican history which extends from the struggle for independence to the present, giving fullest discussion to the period from 1857 to the accession of Porfirio Diaz to the presidency. This is the period during which Mexico advanced from a condition of confusion bordering on anarchy, to one of order. The story cannot be told too fully or too vividly. In it we deal with the life-work of the Indian, Juarez, a man who would be considered great in any time or any nation. It is because we agree with Mr. Noll in his admiration of Juarez and in appreciation of the liberal ideas he represented, that we deplore the narrowness and bigotry of his discussion. He is blindly partisan. All that is conservative is treated with contempt; the "opposition" is belittled and despised, its leaders are painted as despicable and mean. We might expect a foreigner to present affairs calmly and dispassionately; this, Noll fails to do. No Mexican Liberal could present a more sadly biased account. In the appendixes a considerable Bibliography is given. It is difficult to discover the plan of its formation. Books with little pertinence are introduced, and some with good claim to inclusion are omitted. Why should Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" be cited, while Romero's "Mexico and the United States," with most important chapters, be omitted? How can such thoughtful writers of the opposition as Villaseñor y Villaseñor be ignored? Noll's book is important as our only convenient work on its theme, but it should have been far better.

Welcome at any time, Mr. Clement's little ‡"Handbook of Modern Japan" has appeared most opportunely. Just now, when the eyes of the world are on the Island Empire, there is special need of an authoritative, concise, and up-to-date manual regarding it. Mr. Clements has twice lived in Japan. Years ago, a teacher at Mito, he saw considerable of the "old Japan." Today, again in educational work, he

*Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena. Elizabeth W. Latimer. Chicago, 1903: A. C. McClurg & Co. 16mo, pp. 292. $2.

†From Empire to Republic. Arthur N. Noll. 1903. 16mo, pp. 336. $1.40.

‡A Handbook of Modern Japan. Ernest W. Clement. 1903. 16mo, pp. 395.

is at the center of New Japan, the capital city of Tokyo. This double experience, in time, in place and in conditions, has well prepared him for his work. He has sympathy with, and knowledge of, the people. He is directly in contact with sources of information and men of action. His book aims to give a picture of the Japan of today. It is written for popular reading, but it contains a large amount of carefully sifted material. At the end of each chapter are references to the best easily accessible books in English that deal with the topic presented. Mr. Clement has been fortunate in securing, in the treatment of *Aesthetic Japan,* the aid of an unquestioned authority, Mr. Frederick W. Gookin. His chapter on the subject is brief, but shows exceptional care and admirable judgment. Of course, the book is selling well just now, because of wartime; but it will continue to sell well because of its actual merit.

FREDERICK STARR.

Notes.

Have you ever read "Cape Cod Ballads," by Joe Lincoln; published by Albert Brandt of Trenton, N. J.? If you have not, be sure to get the book. It is genuine in every sense of the word. The poetry is good enough to rank close after Lowell, and the fun is pretty close up to "Biglow Papers." Just you try the book.

From D. Appleton & Co., I am in receipt of Dollars and Democracy. This is a gossipy relation of the occurrences which touched the gaze and affected the spirits of the artist, Sir Phillip Burne-Jones B. T. It is Englishy from the start, and not particularly interesting to an American. We have had so many of these views of American life and Yankee doings, written by Englishmen and Englishwomen, that they are growing stale and uninteresting. You may read fifty pages to find one paragraph that has a breath of life in it. I find an interesting passage in one of the first chapters—namely, that New York has a distinct smell of its own; "Very agreeable and aromatic." Mr. Burne-Jones is sure that he would know it again wherever he met it. "If a breath of it could reach me in far off Europe one day, and I closed my eyes, I should feel for a brief moment that I had been transplanted once more into Fifth Ave., or Central Park." Your reviewer, having spent three or four years in New York, distinctly remembers more than one smell. The book is on the whole genial, and quite tolerant of American peculiarities. His criticisms are many of them quite fair and deserved, although not at all new. His solution of our great problems is unique —but I do not think that he will displace Mr. Bryce quite yet. Here is a sample: "Of course in America, among a highly civilized and strenuous people, the negroes are in an absolutely false position. They ought never to be there; but as they are there, and are increasing every year they will have to make the best of it all around. I don't think the problem will be solved by admitting them to positions of power; and I don't think the Americans will ever endure it. One must go to the wall, and it will not be the white man." This is a fair sample of the whole book.

E. P. P.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—Sunday, June 5, was Flower Sunday at All Souls Church. As is customary on each of the four Home Festival Sundays in the year, the Sunday-school lesson hour was suspended and the children gathered with their parents for an eleven o'clock service, where the usual sermon was omitted and children and flowers were the preachers. Seven little ones were brought by their parents to the altar for christening, and eight adults gave and received the hand of fellowship and enrolled their names in the church membership book, subscribing to the creed of a creedless church, the bond of union which the pastor so loves to read: "We join ourselves together in the interest of morality and religion, as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens and promote truth, righteousness and love in the world."

We are slowly groping towards the custom of remembering each student and teacher who completes the seven years' course in the Sunday-school with a Bible in the new American revision. Eleven of these were given this Flower Sunday and more will follow as the names come in.

The children of the Sunday-school brought their transient but beautiful offering of flowers enriched by the more lasting contribution from the fields of thought, mainly in the form of quotations from their own and their teachers' choosing. The words and music of the Flower Festival, sung by the children and conrgegation, have grown as dear as they are familiar to many of the All Souls family. This year an added tenderness was given the familiar service by the fact that this is doubtless the last Flower Service to be held in the little All Souls Church, where it has now been held for the nineteenth time.

It was left to the minister to gather up the fragments of the service and send the message home in a few impressive words. This was the closing session of the Sunday-school for the season, as many of the teachers and children are shortly to leave the city for the summer.

The Earth and Man.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

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